The Weary Kind

Ryan Bingham

Your heart's on the loose
You rolled them sevens with nothing to lose
And this ain't no place for the weary kindYou called all your shots
Shooting eight ball at the corner truck stop
Somehow this don't feel like home anymoreAnd this ain't no place for the weary kind
And this ain't no place to lose your mind
This ain't no place to fall behind
Pick up your crazy heart and give it one more tryYour body aches
Playing your guitar, sweating out the hate
The days and the nights all feel the sameWhiskey has been a thorn in your side
It doesn't forget
The highway that calls for your heart insideAnd this ain't no place for the weary kind
This ain't no place to lose your mind
This ain't no place to fall behind
Pick up your crazy heart and give it one more tryYour lover's warm kiss
It's too damn far from your fingertips
You are the man that ruined her worldYour heart's on the loose
You rolled them sevens with nothing to lose
This ain't no place for the weary kind

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